

The Bath Comedy

By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE

Authors of "The Pride of Jennie"

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Mr. O'Hara looked steadily at Lord Verney, glancing contemptuously at Captain Spicer, and then with long, full searching at the beguiling widow.

She thought to scent danger to herself in the air; and, womanlike, she seized unscrupulously upon the sharpest weapon in her armory.

"Perhaps," she said, with an angry, scornful laugh, "Mr. O'Hara will now deny that he and his servants attacked my chairmen in the dark, threw me, screaming with terror, into his carriage, and that his intention was avowedly to wed me by force in London tomorrow."

All eyes were fixed on the Irishman, and silence waited upon his reply. He had grown so pale that his red head seemed to flame by contrast. He made a low bow.

"No, Kitty," said he in a very gentle voice, "I deny nothing." Then sweeping the company with a haughty glance, "This lady," said he, "has spoken truth; as for me, I am ready to meet the consequences of my conduct."

His eyes finally rested once more on Lord Verney. The latter grew white and then scarlet, while Spicer whispered and again jogged.

"Of course," blustered the youth, and wished that he had the curious digestion of his contemporaries, that his stomach did not so squeamishly rebel at the prospect of a dose of steel: "Of course, sir, you must be aware."

"It shall be swords," interrupted the irrepressible Spicer, "and, sir, what my noble friend will have left of your body I will myself make mince of this night! Aye, sir," said the captain, astonished at his own valor, slapping his bony chest and beginning to squint as was his wont under excitement, "I will fight you myself, sir!"

"Fight you!" exclaimed O'Hara, suddenly stung into magnificent contempt. "Fight you, sir?" he ran a withering eye over the grasshopper anatomy of the toady as he spoke—"You, sir, you, the writer of that dirty note this morning, bidding me apologize—apologize!" cried Denis, with his most lascivious brogue—"To the man, Sir Jasper, there, for having insulted you on the subject of your miserable nearly head-fight you, sir? Sure, rather than fight you," said Mr. O'Hara, searching for the most emphatic asseveration conceivable—"I'd never fight again for the rest of my life! But I'll tell you what I'll do for you. Next time you thrust that ugly face of yours within the reach of my arm I'll pull your nose till it's as long as your tongue and as slender as yer courage!"

"Oh, what a low scoundrel!" murmured Captain Spicer, withdrawing quickly several paces and with an intensified cast in his eye. "Tis positively unfit for a gentleman to speak to him."

"Now, my lord," said O'Hara, resuming his easy dignity.

But that her comedy should drift into tragedy was none of Mistress Kitty's intentions. Briskly stepping between the laboriously pugacious Verney and the poor Irishman, whose eye (for all his present composure) shone with the lust of the fray, she thus addressed them collectively and in turn:

"Shame, shame, gentlemen! I protest! Is it not enough that a poor woman's heart should be set a-fluttering by overmuch love? Must it now go pitapat again for overmuch hate? My Lord Verney, think of your mother—think of her of whose declining years you are the sole prop and joy. Recall to mind those principles of high morality, of noble Christian duty, which that paragon of women so sedulously inculcated in you!" Her voice quivered on the faintest note of mockery.

"Oh, what would that worthy lady's feelings be were you to be brought home to her—a corpse? What, ah, what indeed, would your feelings be if by some accident—here she shot involuntarily what was almost the suspicion of a wink in the direction of O'Hara—"you had to answer for the life of a fellow creature before tomorrow's dawn? Why, you could never open your Bible again without feeling in your bosom the throbbing heart of a Cain!" She stopped to draw breath.

Mr. Stafford, one delighted grin, slid the whole length of the table on which he sat with dangling legs to get a fuller view of the saucy face. "Incomparable Bellairs," he murmured to himself with keen appreciation, and "No, no, my noble friend," thought he as he shot a glance at the solemn Verney, "now do I know what has closed to you forever the gates of paradise."

"And you, Mr. O'Hara," resumed the lady, turning her eye, full of indefinable and entrancing subtleties, upon the honest gentleman, "would you have me forgive you this night's work? Do not, then, do not force this impetuous young man to an unnecessary quarrel. Allow him to withdraw his challenge. Do that in atonement, sir," said she, with much severity of accent, but her eye said sweetly enough, "Do that for me," and gave further promise of unutterable reward.

"Madam," said O'Hara, glancing away as if the sight of her beauty were now more pain than pleasure to him, "tis for my Lord Verney to speak. I am entirely at his orders. I understand," and here, for all his chivalrousness, he could not refrain him from a point of satire—"I understand, madam, that you have given him the right to espouse your quarrels."

"Most certainly," said the crimson Verney, who had been monstrously un-

easy during his lady's sermon, not only because every word of it hit some tender point of his abnormally developed conscience, but also because of an indefinable sensation that he was being held up to ridicule, "most certainly, sir, it is as Mistress Bellairs' future husband that I find it incumbent, that I find myself forced, reluctantly, no, I mean—here he dithered and looked round for Spicer, who, however, was ostentatiously turning his back upon the proceedings and gazing at the moon. "In fact," resumed the poor youth, falling back on his own unguided wits, "I have no alternative but to demand satisfaction for an outrage against the future Lady Verney."

"Mercy on us!" cried Mistress Kitty, with a shrill, indignant little scream. "Oh, fie, my lord, who would have deemed you so bloodthirsty? Before heaven," she cried piously, glancing at the raftered ceiling, "before heaven, it would be the death of me were there to be quarrelling, strife, contention for me—for me! Who am I? she said, with the most angelic humility, "that two such gallant gentlemen should stake their lives for me? Rather," said she, "will I give you back your word, my lord. Indeed," this with a noble air of sacrifice, "I feel Providence has but too clearly shown me my duty. Hush, hush, Verney, bethink yourself. How could I ever face your mother (were you indeed to survive the encounter) with the knowledge that I had exposed you to danger; that for me you had loaded your soul with blood guiltiness?"

She shuddered and looked delicious. "Child," said she meltingly, as Lord Verney faintly protested, "it must be so. I have felt it more than once; you are too young." There was a conviction in her voice that gave no hope of reprieve, and Lord Verney, who had already found out that Mistress Bellairs was too dangerous a delight to pursue with comfort, accepted his sentence with a Christian resignation that did justice to his mother's training.

"All, all must now be over between us," said Kitty pathetically, "save a gentle friendship! Your hand, my lord."

She reached for his clumsy paw with her determined little fingers.

"Mr. O'Hara," said she, turning round, "I forgive you. Your hand also, sir."

If the clasp she extended to Verney was purely official, that with which she now seized O'Hara's cold right hand was eloquent enough with quick and secret pressure. But, for the first time in his life, perhaps, O'Hara was slow in returning a woman's token.

"Shake hands," ordered Mistress Bellairs decisively, and joined the beligerent's palms.

Here Stafford sprang jovially to the assistance of the pretty peacemaker.

"Right, right," cried he, "Shake hands on it like good fellows. Fie! Who could keep up a feud under those beaming eyes? Never be downcast, Verney, lad! What did I tell thee, only yesterday, in the pump room, about thy halo? Denis, my boy, I've always loved thee, but now I'll love thee more than ever if only thou wilt mix us a bowl of punch in right good Irish fashion so that in it we may drown all enmity and drink good friendship—and above all toast the divine Kitty Bellairs!"

"Hurroosh!" cried O'Hara, and with a valiant gulp determined to swallow his own bitter disappointment and flood in a tide of warm gaiety the cold ache in his heart. "By all means," he cried, wrung Verney's hand with feverish cordiality and gave one last sadly longing look at Kitty and his lovely delusive dream.

Then spinning round upon himself he demanded loudly of the willing landlubber lemons and "the craythur—a couple of bottles, my friend—a bowl of sugar and a trifle of wather—the smaller the kittle the better it boils." And, "Wake up, man," cried he, slapping Sir Jasper on the back so that the powder flew from that baronet's eye. "Sure, we're all happy now."

"Where's my wife, sir?" said the gloomy husband, springing to his feet fiercely. "I've been made a fool of between you, but all this does not tell me where my wife is! Stafford, man, I see it now. This has been a blind."

He struck his forehead. "Ha, yes, I have it now. It was a false scent. The villain, the fox is off with her on another road with his tongue in his cheek grinning to think of me sitting and waiting for them at Devizes! Tom, the chaise, the horses! There's not a moment to be lost!"

"Devil a horse or chaise for me, sir," cried his friend, and, nodding at Kitty, "I know when I'm in good company," he pursued, "if you don't sit down, man, there's punch brewing. Your vengeance will keep hot enough—ha, ha—but the punch won't!"

"Glory," cried O'Hara, staring at Sir Jasper as if he were a natural curiosity. "I've known many a madman, but I never knew one mad enough yet to run away from a punch bowl!"

With lace ruffles neatly turned back from his deaf hands, O'Hara began to peel the lemons.

"Do you," now said Captain Spicer, with an ingratiating chirp—"do you really care for quite so much peel in the bowl—ahem?"

(To Be Continued.)

GIRL CONFESSES TO HER SINNING

Dovie Bradford Makes Trouble For Brother-in-Law.

Wade Bradford Had Chase to Get Girl Before She Was Spirited Away.

A QUESTION OF JURISDICTION

Dovie Bradford, the 15-year-old girl, who, it is alleged, eloped with her brother-in-law, William Mahundro, leaving his wife in nearly destitute circumstances, was brought back to Paducah last night by her brother, Wade Bradford, but not until the brother had an exciting chase on train and afoot and placed his life in jeopardy to rescue her. The events of yesterday, leading up to the girl's rescue were more exciting than those attending the arrest of Mahundro, who was caught in the woods after a lively chase in a buggy by Detective Will Baker, this city.

Yesterday morning Detective Will Baker sent Wade Bradford to Puryear, Tenn., to bring the girl back. After sealing himself in the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis train, which left Paducah at 7:45 o'clock yesterday morning, Bradford noticed a brother of Mahundro sitting in the coach. He suspected that the other intended to thwart his purposes and was prepared. When the train reached Puryear he alighted and started for his brother's home, where he knew his sister was. The Mahundro brother also started and the two raced for it.

Near the home trouble was narrowly averted and Bradford reached there first. Mahundro's brother is said to have attempted to take her after this, but the girl was brought here in safety.

On arriving at Paducah she was taken to the police station where for an hour Chief of Police Collins, Detective Baker and Police Judge Puryear talked to her. A written statement by the girl was secured in which, it is said, she made a clean confession, alleging that William Mahundro seduced her in Ballard county two years ago. She was, but 13 years old. Since that time she admits she had intimate relations with him ending in the elopement.

"We are uncertain about whether we can try the man in this county and are now taking counsel to learn if we have to take him back to where the seduction is alleged to have been committed," said Detective Baker. "The elopement was made from Paducah, however." The warrant was sworn out here.

The girl is being watched to keep her from leaving the city. The case will probably be one of the most sensational in years.

Mahundro is said to be fully 40 years old.

NEWS OF KENTUCKY

Democratic Candidates.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 1.—For United States Senator—James B. McCrory and J. C. W. Beckham.

For Governor—S. W. Hager and N. B. Hays.

For Lieutenant Governor—South Trimble.

For Attorney General—Lillard Carter and J. K. Hendrick.

For Auditor—Henry M. Bosworth.

For Secretary of State—Hubert Vreeland.

For Treasurer—Ruby Lafoon.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction—E. A. Gallion and M. O. Winfrey.

For Commissioner of Agriculture—R. C. Crenshaw and J. W. Newman.

For Clerk of Court of Appeals—John B. Chenaull.

The above is the list of the candidates whose names will appear on the ballot to be voted in the Democratic state primary election, which will take place November 6.

Crossland Divorce.

Mayfield, Oct. 2.—On Saturday, September 29th, Judge Ed Crossland filed suit against his wife, Ernestine, asking for a divorce, alleging as the cause for this action, adultery.

He was married to Miss Ernestine Taylor, May 31st, 1899, and they lived happily together until September 25th, 1906, when Mr. Crossland decided to bring suit against her for legal divorce.

Two children have been born to them during this time, one is five years old and named Samuel Hess Crossland, the second is three years old and is named Susan Hyatt Crossland. In his petition Mr. Crossland asked judgment against her for divorce and also the custody of the two children. The filing of this suit pro-

STAND OF MAYOR NOT WELL TAKEN

His Objections Dissipated On Investigation.

City Solicitor Sets Mind at Rest Concerning Protection of City's Interest.

SECTIONS OF THE ORDINANCE.

Whatever may have been behind Mayor Yeiser's opposition to the Nineteenth street franchise for the Paducah Traction company, his stated objections last night went to pieces on investigation.

It was at first understood that he disapproved granting a franchise that would expire on a date different from that set for the expiration of all the other franchises possessed by the Paducah Traction company. This same question was considered by the general council before the ordinance was adopted. The facts on which the general council acted were these: All the other franchises expire at one time. This little line, from Seventeenth street and Broadway to Nineteenth street and the Mayfield road, could not be profitably operated without the other lines. Consequently, it matters little when this franchise expires, as all the other lines can be sold to one purchaser when their franchises expire, without hindrance by this branch.

Oversight in reading seems to have interfered with the mayor acquiring a proper conception of the scope of the franchise ordinance. He says the city's interests are neglected, and the city solicitor did not study the ordinance.

City Solicitor Campbell set the mayor's mind at rest concerning this when he replied on the floor of the council that he had read the ordinance.

He said section 8 provides for amendment of the franchise at any time at the pleasure of the general council.

Sections 4 and 8 read as follows: Section 4—The city of Paducah reserves the right to regulate and control the speed of the cars, frequency of trips and fares charged by the purchaser, successors or assigns, provided that the fare shall not be less than five cents for one trip for adults and half fare for children under 12 years old, and no fare for children under five when accompanied by an adult; and that a transfer shall be given for one continuous passage to any other line in the city of Paducah owned or operated by the purchaser.

Section 8—This ordinance may be amended at any time by the general council, and the city reserves the right to adopt from time to time such ordinances as it sees fit, controlling and regulating the exercise of the herein granted franchise.

duced quite a sensation in the city as his many friends thought they were living happily together.

W. B. Haldeman Chosen.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 2.—The Democratic state central and state executive committees met in joint session at 2 o'clock this afternoon in the leather room in the New Seelbach.

The only business of importance called up was the election of a committeeman on both committees from the state-at-large to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge John M. Lassing. The name of Mr. W. B. Haldeman was the only one presented and he was accordingly elected.

Goodwin Goes Up.

Clyde Goodwin, a "Kitty League" graduate, of the Vincennes team two years ago, broke into fast company Sunday. Goodwin has been pitching great ball for the Milwaukee team, of the American association all year, and was drafted by Washington, of the American league, he pitched his first game for the "Senators" Sunday at Chicago. Chicago is just two and a half games to the good in the race for the pennant, with only eight more games to play, so a record-breaking crowd was on hand to see the game. It proved too much for Goodwin, too, for in the third inning the rooters went after him, and he turned loose his balloon, sending two men to first in succession, when he made way for an older head, Kison. There were 21,000 people at the game and it can easily be seen how such a crowd could awe a youngster. Goodwin has the proper stuff in him, however, and his Paducah admirers are confident he will make good.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

J. H. Meyers, 61 years old, to Ethel Wells, 35, formerly of Shawnee, Oklahoma, and latter of this city. Third marriage of the man and second of the woman.

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